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ODE.

To the MEMORY of
Sir ISAAC NEWTON.
INSCRIB'D TO
*The ROYAL SOCIETY of London, for
the improving of Natural Knowledge.*

By ALLAN RAMSAY.



Great *NEWTON*'s dead, --- full
ripe his Fame ;

Cease, vulgar Grief, to cloud our
Song :

We thank the *Author* of our Frame,
Who lent him to the Earth so long.

The

The God-like *Man* now mounts the Sky,
 Exploring all yon radiant Spheres;
 And with one View can more descry,
 Than here below in eighty Years.

Tho' none, with greater Strength of Soul,
 Could rise to more divine a Height,
 Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,
 And more improve the humane Sight.

Now with full Joy he can survey
 These Worlds, and ev'ry shining Blaze,
 That countless in the *Milky Way*,
 Only thro' Glasses shew their Rays.

Thousands in thousand Arts excell'd,
 But often to one Part confin'd ;

While ev'ry Science stood reveal'd
 And clear to his capacious Mind.

His Penetration, most profound,
 Launch'd far in that extended Sea,

Where humane Minds can reach no Bound,
 And never div'd so deep as he.

Sons of the East and Western World,
 When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,
 While Magnets guide the Sail unfurl'd,
 Pay to his Memory due Praise.

Thro' ev'ry Maze he was the Guide,
 While others crawl'd, he soar'd above;
 Yet Modesty, unstain'd with Pride,
 Increas'd his Merit and our Love.

He shunn'd the Sophistry of Words,
 Which only hatch contentious Spite;
 His Learning turn'd on what affords
 By *Demonstration* most Delight.

Britain may honourably boast,
 And glory in her *matchless Son*,
 Whose Genius has *invented* most,
 And *finish'd* what the rest begun.

Ye FELLOWS of the *Royal Class*,
 Who honour'd *Him* to be your HEAD,
 Erect in finest *Stone* and *Brass*,
 Statues of the ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

Altho'

Altho' more lasting than them all,
 Or ev'n the *Poet's* highest Strain,
 His *Works*, as long as wheels this Ball,
 Shall his great Memory sustain.

May from your **LEARNED BAND** arise
Newtons to shine thro' future Times,
 And bring down Knowledge from the Skies,
 To plant on wild Barbarian Climes.

Till Nations, few Degrees from Brutes,
 Be brought into each proper Road,
 Which leads to Wisdom's happiest Fruits,
 To know their **SAVIOUR** and their **GOD**.

